

Inferno

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Inferno

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Summary

“Will,” Hannibal mewls, his voice croaky and rough already.

“I know, darling,” Will murmurs, his tone sympathetic while he applies soothing, rhythmic strokes down Hannibal’s spine. “It’s all so much, isn’t it?”

Notes

Day 8 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Superheroes/Superpowers

Sometimes you just need to write about a needy, tactile HanniCat assassin and his boi Empath Will.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal's ear twitches against Will's chin where he's tucked himself against Will's body heat, the cat hybrid always cold in the days leading up to his faux-heat. Alongside the cold spells he also gains an increased desire for tactile comfort, and a need to scent mark Will every chance he gets.

Will can't say he minds the intimacy, something he hadn't dared hope for when he'd first rescued the poor creature from the facility he'd been kept in as a test subject and genetically-modified assassin. Will's own powers are subtler and more easily hidden than ears, a tail and claws, but he understands the hybrid in a way he'd never experienced before.

Their mental link had been unexpected, Will first heard Hannibal's pleas when he'd been analyzing a crime scene at the facility. In all of Will's years as an Empath, and with all of his abilities known and unknown, he's never been able to hear another person's thoughts or have them hear his in return. Until Hannibal.

Rescuing Hannibal hadn't even been a question, Will had known he needed to get the hybrid out of the toxic environment. Their subsequent need to flee the country had been an expected result of that theft.

Hybrids technically now had the same legal status and rights as born-humans, yet the facility Hannibal was kept in had gotten him through a very roundabout and legally grey situation, his *uncle* signing him over at seventeen, just days before his eighteenth birthday when he could have protested, the contract stating Hannibal would remain in their care indefinitely.

They'd gone to Paris as soon as they escaped to seek out Hannibal's uncle, only to find him long dead. Hannibal's aunt, Lady Murasaki, was shocked to hear from him, having been told along with Robertus that Hannibal's entire family had been killed during the massacres in Lithuania. She'd returned to Japan many years prior, after the death of her husband, totally unaware she had any remaining kin.

Hybrids are rare, but after joining Hannibal's aunt in Japan, they'd learned of the rich history of the Lecter family, a long line of Hybrids spanning through hundreds of generations. Murasaki was a born-human, however, leaving Hannibal still as alone as he'd always been.

Will finds himself wishing he could soothe the ache left behind from all those years of isolation and loneliness, and from the continued absence of his kind. Cat Hybrids, above all other varieties, are known for their isolationist tendencies and ability to remain undetected.

He knows that he can't *fix* Hannibal's sorrow alone, which is why he can't wait to be able to tell Hannibal he found another Cat Hybrid, a distant cousin of Hannibal's that had been difficult to find, and reluctant to meet, but once Will had given him more information on Hannibal, Nigel had been more than willing to be introduced.

Will plans to tell him after this faux-heat has settled and the flame of it has left his skin. Even now, Hannibal lays on Will purring contentedly, body like a furnace from the waves of warmth radiating off his sweat-slicked flesh.

Will soothes a hand absently down Hannibal's back, chuckling softly as the Hybrid bumps his fingers with his head and rubs against his palm. Hannibal has been in a frenzy the last day, marking Will and their entire flat with his scent.

They are in Japan now, staying in one of the many properties Murasaki owns and which she has graciously gifted to them. Too much of the flat smells like her, and it has been driving Hannibal crazy with his need to overpower it with his own, her scent not yet pinpointed in his hindbrain as *family*.

"Will," Hannibal mewls, his voice croaky and rough already.

"I know, darling," Will murmurs, his tone sympathetic while he applies soothing, rhythmic strokes down Hannibal's spine. "It's all so much, isn't it?"

He's never seen Hannibal *actually* go through a faux heat before, the suppressants he'd been forced to take in captivity still burning their way out of his system, but he knows intimately just how much Hannibal is struggling against the instincts that force his body into action - he can feel and hear it all, clear as day as though the thoughts and feelings were originating in his own body, through his mental link with the cat.

Hannibal shifts fitfully where he's curled himself as close to Will as possible, his tail wrapped around himself and his ears twitching against Will's jaw. Will trails his fingers further down Hannibal's nude form, the hybrid unable to stand having anything against his skin when he gets like this.

"Will, please," Hannibal tries again, pressing himself into Will's touch. His tail comes up to wrap around Will's wrist, guiding him down Hannibal's body until his fingers find the soft fur at the base of his tail, and then further still until he can feel his rim.

Hannibal butts his head up against Will's face again, demanding and needy. Will uses his free hand to scratch beneath Hannibal's chin and around his ears, smiling softly when the hybrid mewls contentedly.

"Come on, sweetheart. Let me take you to the actual bed so we can be in our nest, hm?" Will suggests, trying to coax Hannibal into a more comfortable environment. He can tell it won't be long now before the hybrid succumbs completely to his baser instincts, and he wants to get them into a better location before both of them are too far gone.

Hannibal clings to him as they stumble their way to their shared nest, his sharp claws catching on Will's exposed flesh. He had taken his own clothing off so Hannibal wouldn't have to feel the scratchy fabric, and so had no barrier to protect from Hannibal's more aggressive tendencies. He lets out a soft hiss and grits his teeth against the sting, but makes no attempt to remove himself from Hannibal's touch; he knows, from personal experience, that trying to do *anything* that goes against Hannibal's desire is a hopelessly fruitless endeavor.

As it is, Hannibal takes note of the damage done as soon as they are settled within the safety of their nest. He pushes Will onto his back, nuzzles beneath his chin briefly as his chest resonates with an apologetic purr, and then takes to lapping at the pinpricks of blood that dot

Will's biceps. It's the closest thing to contrition Will has seen from the hybrid since he broke him out of the facility, the creature usually stubbornly proud and unwavering in his every action, and Will can't help but want to praise him for it.

His hands trail down Hannibal's back as he busies himself with another set of scratches along Will's ribcage, eventually stroking through the fur at the base of his tail and then circling the appendage to stroke down that as well. A reflexive shiver wracks Hannibal's body at the action, and the hybrid shifts insistently until he's burrowed himself between Will's legs, until he's twisted himself enough to be able to continue his apology while pressing the hot length of his erection against Will's thigh, hips twitching as he begins to rut shameless.

"Ah, ah," Will *tsks*, shifting his leg away and clamping his arms around Hannibal's squirming form to halt his movements. "I told you I'd take care of you, darling. You need to let me now."

He shushes Hannibal's soft whine, cupping his face to urge him up his body. Hannibal purrs into the kiss, melting with lax contentment as he does every time Will shows him affection in this way. So it's easy for Will to grip his hips and twist them until he's able to slip from beneath Hannibal's weight. The hybrid makes a discontented grunt at being forcibly rearranged, however gently it's enacted, and Will shushes him once more, bringing his lips to Hannibal's ear. It twitches reflexively at the sensation of Will's hot breath spilling into it, and the fur tickles Will's lips, sending a reflexive jolt of his own straight to his groin.

"I need you to be calm, baby. I'm here to help, I promise. But I need you to breathe for me, concentrate on me." He can feel Hannibal spiraling already, and needs desperately to nip it in the bud. He'll sate Hannibal's physical needs, of course he will, but he needs to ensure it's done in a way that won't have the hybrid completely lost to his feral need.

Will still isn't accustomed to shutting down the bond between them, more mental transference happening on a regular basis than he cares to admit. It has been - more often than not, actually - quite beneficial at times, knowing what Hannibal is thinking. Being able to form plans and attacks and escape routes all without having to even open their mouths. But there are times, like now, when getting lost in the mind of another being is less than wise. He's never been so out of control of his own ability, and he knows if Hannibal loses himself completely, Will is going to as well. And then there will be no one left to protect them.

He settles them on their sides in the nest, facing each other, and then bends forward to capture Hannibal's lips in a soft kiss. As soon as Hannibal attempts to deepen it, to draw Will closer still, Will pulls back, shushing him quietly as he applies soothing strokes to his hair and neck. He presses their mouths together again, briefly, pleased when Hannibal follows his direction and doesn't attempt to control it this time.

"There we go," Will murmurs, placing another kiss to the side of Hannibal's mouth along with his praise. "That's it, good boy. Just relax for me, hm?" He pets down Hannibal's flank, then, smiling against his lips when Hannibal shivers and presses his body up into Will's touch. "I've got you, baby. Trust me, alright?"

"With my life."

It's the most coherent phrase Hannibal has uttered in hours, and likely the last for just as long, and it makes Will's heart clench in his chest, makes his breath catch painfully.

"I love you," he finds himself saying, immediately regrets that it's been said for the first time during a period Hannibal may very well not remember. Even so, he reacts now, a mingled purr and whine erupting from his throat as he shifts closer still to Will's heat. "Let me love you," he murmurs to Hannibal's lips, and then turns them so he can hang over Hannibal's body.

He licks along Hannibal's jaw, nuzzles into his neck to spread his scent, and then brings his lips to Hannibal's shoulder, his chest, littering kisses down his torso until he reaches Hannibal's nipples and takes one in his mouth. Hannibal mewls and arches into his touch, and Will soothes him by petting gently down his sides as he lathes the small nub with his tongue.

"Such a good boy," Will praises again softly as he kisses his way to the other nipple to apply the same treatment. "So good for me."

Once he's had his fill of Hannibal's chest, leaving his nipples red and swollen from his mouth and teeth, he moves his way down the hybrid's body, pressing gently kisses into the fur nestled at the base of his cock. Hannibal is wholly human here, and smells of musk and sweat from his ever revolving temperature fluxes.

Will doesn't hesitate as he takes Hannibal's leaking cockhead past his lips, giving a few firm sucks to the tip before sliding all the way down the shaft until his mouth is pressed to the fur at the base.

Hannibal whimpers pitifully, his entire body going taut and then immediately falling lax. He doesn't rut his hips up, and Will rewards him with some fluttering clenches of his throat before he starts the whole process again.

They stay like that, suspended in the moment like a moth in amber, until Will feels the tremble in Hannibal's muscles that denote he's close. He doesn't want him to come yet, not like this, so he pulls off, his lips red and spit-slick.

"So perfect for me, baby. Could do that all day," Will praises, smirking against Hannibal's balls and flicking his tongue teasingly before it moves lower still, the scent of masculinity even stronger the further he goes between Hannibal's quivering thighs.

The fur that covers him here tickles Will's nose, but he ignores it in favor of licking a hot strip over Hannibal's rim, chuckling when the hybrid keens sweetly and seeks to spread his thighs even wider for Will's exploration.

"Good boy, just like that. Let me take care of you," Will murmurs into the heated flesh of Hannibal's core, dragging his tongue over his hole in slow, teasing motions before flicking more rapidly at his opening when Hannibal grows even more lax.

He pulls the bottle of unscented lube from beneath the tangled mess of sheets, the only brand that doesn't upset Hannibal's sensitive nose, and pops the cap with one finger while trying to

work his tongue inside Hannibal.

The hybrid moans and twists his hands in the sheets, a ripping sound disrupting the relative peace and quiet. Will smirks against Hannibal's hole and pulls away to wet his fingers, starting out with two sinking slowly into Hannibal's heat.

It's a tight fit, Hannibal's body like a vice around the digits, but Will persists and his cock throbs beneath him as he watches Hannibal start to fall apart beautifully. Hannibal loves being full just as much as, if not more than, he enjoys being buried inside of Will. And Will is happy to oblige him.

"Inside, Will, *now*," Hannibal is growing restless, and Will wants to keep him soft and sweet and pliant, so he presses soothing kisses into his inner thigh and hooks his fingers to put pressure on Hannibal's prostate.

"I'll decide what you need, love," Will informs him, voice rising sternly over Hannibal's pitchy whine. "And I think I'll see you fulfilled just like this. There's plenty of time for the rest, isn't there?" He tilts his head to lap at Hannibal's rim, wrapped tightly around his fingers. "You just relax, sweetheart. You know I'll make it good for you."

"I know," Hannibal moans, spreading his thighs wider still and canting his hips upward. "I *know*, Will. *Please*."

Will smirks against Hannibal's sensitive flesh, spreads his fingers slightly to deftly slip his tongue between them for a quick tease before pulling away once more. He can feel Hannibal's desire ramping up within the core of himself, his mind growing cluttered with fragments of frantic, needy thoughts. He knows he needs to allow Hannibal his release soon, or risk being completely overtaken by desire himself. But still he must be careful that he doesn't lose himself in the process, creating a chaotic feedback loop that will see them both lost completely to lust.

He shifts higher between Hannibal's legs to swallow down his cock once more, head bobbing in a steady, even rhythm as his finger strokes relentlessly against his prostate. Hannibal comes suddenly with a yowl, body seizing up as his release pulses into Will's mouth and is eagerly swallowed down. Will allows the meager barriers he's formed to drop for just a moment, basking in the pleasure of his mate and finding his own orgasm comes barreling forth as he does, cock spurting his release untouched as he ruts instinctively against the bedding between Hannibal's legs.

They are both panting and breathless when Will pulls his touch away, though Hannibal is quick to strike fumbling hands out to him, grasping needily, clumsily tugging him higher until they are spread out together head to toe, hot, shaky breaths fanning against each other's mouths, bodies trembling with the aftershocks of their pleasure where they are pressed together.

"Thank you," Hannibal whimpers, his tail curling appreciatively around Will's thigh, wrapping snugly, entreating him not to move from this position. He'll need him again soon enough.

Will couldn't move even if he wanted to, his entire being *aching* to draw even closer to the magnificent creature beside him. Even now he's not entirely sure what of that desire originates within himself and what is transference from their mental bond. In the end, he figures it doesn't matter either way; he's happy, as is Hannibal, and that is all that truly matters.

"Anytime, sweetheart." He reaches out to pull Hannibal closer, sighing contentedly when the hybrid seizes the invitation and snuggles nearer, nuzzling his head beneath Will's and allowing a deep, pleased purr to rumble from his chest. Will wraps his arms around him, letting one venture up and down the length of Hannibal's spine while the other drifts lazily through his soft locks. "Anytime."

End Notes

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'Til next time!   BellaRai

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